THE MOUNTAIN MAID

AND OTHER POEMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

"OLD HOME WEEK" EDITION

H. H. JACKSON.

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Edna Dean Proctor.

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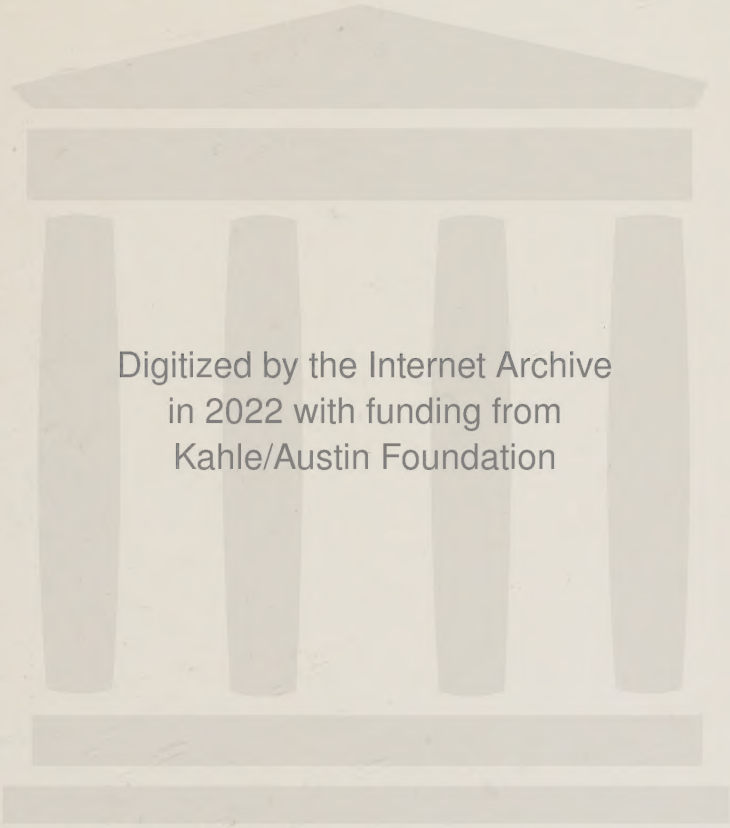

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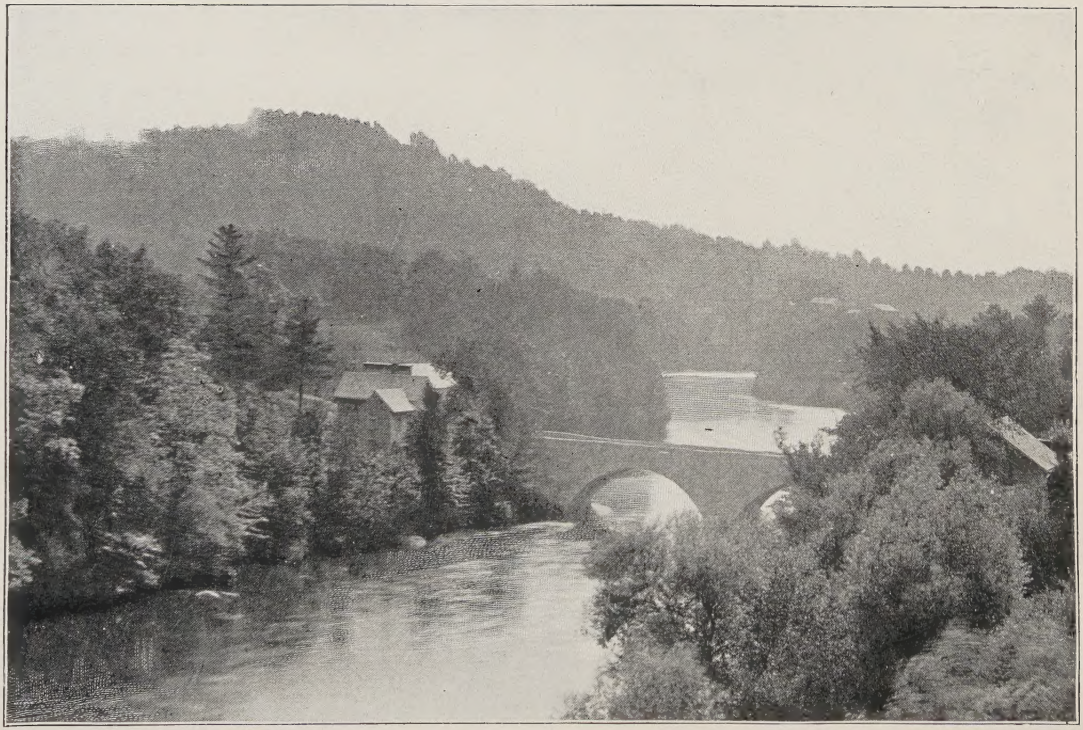

CONTOOCOOK RIVER AT HENNIKER

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AND OTHER POEMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

"Old Home Week" Edition

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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1900

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TO THE CREATOR OF "OLD HOME WEEK"
AND TO ALL WHO LOVE NEW HAMPSHIRE

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THE MOUNTAIN MAID

O THE Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
Her steps are light and free,
Whether she treads the lofty heights
Or follows the brooks to the sea!
Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang
Over her hills of snow,
And her hair is dark as the densest shade
That falls where the fir-trees grow —
The fir-trees slender and sombre
That climb from the vales below.

Sweet is her voice as the robin's
In a lull of the wind of March
Wooing the shy arbutus
At the roots of the budding larch;
And rich as the ravishing echoes
On still Franconia's lake
When the boatman winds his magic horn
And the tongues of the wood awake,

While the huge Stone-Face forgets to frown
And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of stormy December
But brighten the bloom on her cheek,
And the snows build her statelier temples
Than to goddess were reared by the Greek.
She welcomes the fervid summer,
And flies to the sounding shore
Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward,
Set in the billows' roar,
And dreams of her sailors and fishers
Till cool days come once more.

Then how fair is the maiden,
Crowned with the scarlet leaves,
And wrapped in the tender, misty veil
Her Indian Summer weaves! —
While the aster blue, and the goldenrod,
And immortelles, clustering sweet,
From Canada down to the sea have spread
A carpet for her feet;
And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold,
Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reaper;
The ring of the woodman's steel;

The whir of the glancing shuttle;
The rush of the tireless wheel.
But, if war befalls, her sons she calls
From mill and forge and lea,
And bids them uphold her banner
Till the land from strife is free;
And she hews her oaks into mighty ships
That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
For beauty and wit and will
I 'll pledge her, in draughts from her crystal springs,
Rarest on plain or hill!
New York is a princess in purple
By the gems of her cities crowned;
Illinois with the garland of Ceres
Her tresses of gold has bound,
Queen of the limitless prairies
Whose great sheaves heap the ground;

And out by the vast Pacific,
Their gay young sisters say:
"Ours are the mines of the Indies,
And the treasures of far Cathay;"
And the dames of the South walk proudly
Where the fig and the orange fall

And, hid in the high magnolias,
The mocking thrushes call;
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
Is the rarest of them all!

MONADNOCK IN OCTOBER

UPROSE Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord,
Till, like the wall of heaven, it towered to view.
Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shone, —
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the winds alone.
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams, —
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be, —
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.

Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
And the great minster hushed its shrines in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord!

NEW HAMPSHIRE [1]

A GOODLY realm!" said Captain Smith,
Scanning the coast by the Isles of Shoals,
While the wind blew fair, as in Indian myth
Blows the breeze from the Land of Souls;
Blew from the marshes of Hampton spread
Level and green that summer day,
And over the brow of Great Boar's Head
From the pines that stretched to the west away;
And sunset died on the rippling sea,
Ere to the south, with the wind, sailed he.
But he told the story in London streets,
And again to court and Prince and King;
"A truce," men cried, "to Virginia's heats;
The North is the land of hope and spring!"
And in sixteen hundred and twenty-three,
For Dover meadows and Portsmouth river,
Bold and earnest they crossed the sea,
And the realm was theirs and ours forever!

Up from Piscataqua's brine and spray,
Slowly, slowly they made their way
Back to Merrimack's eager tide
Poured through its meadows rich and wide;
And to Sunapee's lake whose cloistered shores
Had heard but the dip of the Red Man's oars;
And westward turned for the warmer gales
And the wealth of Connecticut's intervales;
And to Winnipesaukee's tranquil sea,
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles,
Asleep in the shadow of Ossipee,
Or fair as Eden when sunlight smiles; —
Up and on to the mountains piled,
Peak o'er peak, in the northern air,
Home of streams and of winds that wild
Torrent and tempest valeward bear, —
Where the great Stone-Face looms changeless, calm
As the Sphinx that couches on Egypt's sands,
And the fir and the sassafras yield their balm
Sweet as the odors of morning-lands, —
Where the eagle floats in the summer noon,
While his comrade-clouds drift, silent, by,
And the waters fill with a mystic tune
The fane the cliffs have built to the sky!
And, beyond, to the woods where the huge moose browsed,
And the dun deer drank at the rill unroused

WHITE ISLAND, ISLES OF SHOALS

By hound or horn, and the partridge brood
Was alone in the leafy solitude;
And the lake where the beaver housed her young,
And the loon's shrill cry from the border rung, —
The lake whence the Beauteous River flows,
Its fountains fed by Canadian snows.

What were the labors of Hercules
To the toils of heroes such as these? —
Guarding their homes from savage foes
Cruel as fiends in craft and scorn;
Felling the forest with mighty blows;
Planting the meadow plots with corn;
Hunting the hungry wolf to his lair;
Trapping the panther and prowling bear;
Rearing, in faith by sorrow tried,
The church and the schoolhouse, side by side;
Fighting the French on the long frontier,
From Louisburg, set in the sea's domains,
To proud Quebec and the woods that hear
Ohio glide to the sunset plains;
And when rest and comfort they yearned to see,
Risking their all to be nobly free!

Honor and love for the valiant dead!
With reverent breath let their names be read, —

Hiltons, Pepperells, Sullivans, Weares,
Broad is the scroll the list that bears
Of men as ardent and brave and true
As ever land in its peril knew,
And women of pure and glowing lives
Meet to be heroes' mothers and wives!
For not alone for the golden maize,
And the fisher's spoils from the teeming bays,
And the treasures of forest and hill and mine,
They gave their barks to the stormy brine, —
Liberty, Learning, righteous Law,
Shone in the vision they dimly saw
Of the Age to come and the Land to be;
And, looking to Heaven, fervently
They labored and longed, through the dawning gray,
For the blessed break of that larger day!

When the wail of Harvard in sore distress
Came to their ears through the wilderness, —
Harvard, the hope of the colonies twain,
Planted with prayers by the lonely main —
It was loyal, struggling Portsmouth town
That sent this gracious message down:
"Wishing our gratitude to prove,
And the country and General Court to move
For the infant College beset with fears,

(Its loss an omen of ill would be!)
We promise to pay it, for seven years,
Sixty pounds sterling, an annual sum,
Trusting that fuller aid will come," —
And the Court and the country heard their plea,
And the sapling grew to the wide-boughed tree.
And when a century had fled,
And the war for Freedom thrilled with dread
Yet welcome summons every home, —
By the fire-lit hearth, 'neath the starry dome,
They vowed that never their love should wane
For the holy cause they burned to gain,
Till right should rule, and the strife be done!
List to the generous deed of one: —
In the Revolution's darkest days
The Legislature at Exeter met;
Money and men they fain would raise,
And despair on every face was set
As news of the army's need was read;
Then, in the hush, John Langdon said:
"Three thousand dollars have I in gold;
For as much I will pledge the plate I hold;
Eighty casks of Tobago rum;
All is the country's. The time will come,
If we conquer, when amply the debt she 'll pay;
If we fail, our property 's worthless." A ray

Of hope cheered the gloom, while the Governor said :
" For a regiment now, with Stark at its head ! "
And the boon we gained through the noble lender
Was the Bennington day and Burgoyne's surrender !

Conflict over and weary quest,
Hid in their hallowed graves they rest,
Nor the voice of love, nor the cannon's roar
Wins them to field or fireside more !
Did the glory go from the hills with them ?
Nay ! for the sons are true to the sires !
And the gems they have set in our diadem
Burn with as rare and brilliant fires ;
And the woodland streams and the mountain airs
Sing of the fathers' fame with theirs !
One, in the shadow of lone Kearsarge
Nurtured for power, like the fabled charge
Of the gods, by Pelion's woody marge ; —
So lofty his eloquence, stately his mien,
That, could he have walked the Olympian plain,
The worshiping, wondering crowds had seen
Jove descend o'er the feast to reign !
And one, with a brow as Balder's fair,
And his life the grandeur of love and peace ; —
Easing the burdens the race must bear,
Toiling for good that all might share,

H. G. Peabody, Photo. Copyrighted

THE GREAT STONE FACE

Till his white soul found its glad release!
And one — a tall Corinthian column,
Of the temple of justice prop and pride —
The judge unstained, the patriot tried,
Gone to the bar supernal, solemn,
Nor left his peer by Themis' side!
Ah! when the Old World counts her kings,
And from splendor of castle and palace brings
The dainty lords her monarchies mould,
We 'll turn to the hills and say, " Behold
Webster, and Greeley, and Chase, for three
Princes of our Democracy! "

Land of the cliff, the stream, the pine,
Blessing and honor and peace be thine!
Still may thy giant mountains rise,
Lifting their snows to the blue of June,
And the south wind breathe its tenderest sighs
Over thy fields in the harvest moon!
And the river of rivers, Merrimack,
Whose current never shall faint or lack
While the lakes and the bounteous springs remain, —
Welcome the myriad brooks and rills
Winding through meadows, leaping from hills,
To brim its banks for the waiting wheels
That thrill and fly to its dash and roar
Till the rocks are passed, and the sea-fog steals

Over its tide by Newbury's shore! —
For the river of rivers is Merrimack,
Whether it foams with the mountain rain,
Or toils in the mill-race, deep and black,
Or, conqueror, rolls to the ocean plain!
And still may the hill, the vale, the glen,
Give thee the might of heroic men,
And the grace of women pure and fair
As the May-flower's bloom when the woods are bare;
And Truth and Freedom aye find in thee
Their surest warrant of victory; —
Land of fame and of high endeavor,
Strength and glory be thine forever!

THE SONG OF SONGS

O THE lark by Avon's side
When the leas were wet with dew,
Soaring heavenward, fain to hide
In the far celestial blue!
Light the wind of June went by;
Rose the mist in sunny mazes;
High o'er cloud and zephyr winging,
To the angels soared he, singing
Golden-sweet, — then silently
Dropped to rest amid the daisies.

How the building thrushes sung
In gardens where the Limmat flows,
Just as morning's gate outswung
Flushing all the Alps with rose!
How the chorus jubilant
Floated over lake and river!
Life was joy and earth was young
While those building thrushes sung; —

Ah! their melody will haunt
  Zurich in my thought forever.

Lark and thrush, I love you well;
  But I heard a rarer song
As a wild March evening fell
  Bleak New Hampshire's heights along.
Trees were bare and brooks were still;
  On Kearsarge the snow was lying;
One red cloud athwart the gray
Faded, faded slow away,
And the north wind down the hill
  Like the dirge of hope was sighing.

Hark! a robin in the elm
  Warbling notes so glad and free,
Straight he brought a summer realm
  Over thousand leagues of sea!
High he sang: "A truce to fear!
  Frost and storm are but the portal
We must pass ere June befall,
And the Lord is love through all!"
Lark and thrush, your lays are dear,
  But the robin's is immortal!

ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA

THE HILLS ARE HOME[2]

("Old Home Week," 1899)

FORGET New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
With love and pride where'er we bide, the Hills, the Hills are Home!
On Mississippi or by Nile, Ohio, Volga, Rhine,
We see our cloud-born Merrimack adown its valley shine;
And Contoocook — Singing Water — Monadnock's drifts have fed,
With lilt and rhyme and fall and chime flash o'er its pebbly bed;
And by Como's wave, yet fairer still, our Winnipesaukee spread.

Alp nor Sierra, nor the chains of India or Peru,
Can dwarf for us the white-robed heights our wondering childhood knew —

The awful Notch, and the great Stone-Face, and the Lake
where the echoes fly,
And the sovereign dome of Washington throned in the east-
ern sky; —
For from Colorado's Snowy Range to the crest of the Pyre-
nees
New Hampshire's mountains grandest lift their peaks in the
airy seas,
And the winds of half the world are theirs across the main
and the leas.

Yet far beyond her hills and streams New Hampshire dear
we hold:
A thousand tender memories our glowing hearts enfold;
For in dreams we see the early home by the elms or the
maples tall,
The orchard-trees where the robins built, and the well by
the garden wall;
The lilacs and the apple-blooms make paradise of May,
And up from the clover-meadows floats the breath of the
new-mown hay;
And the Sabbath bells, as the light breeze swells, ring clear
and die away.

And Oh, the Lost Ones live again in love's immortal year!
We are children still by the hearth-fire's blaze while night
steals cold and drear;

Our mother's fond caress we win, our father's smile of pride,
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep," say, reverent, at their side.
Alas! alas! their graves are green, or white with a pall of snow,
But we see them yet by the evening hearth as in the long ago,
And the quiet churchyard where they rest is the holiest spot we know.

Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the sun;
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
By all her hallowed memories, — our lode-star while we roam —
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are Home!

KEARSARGE[3]

O LIFT thy head, thou mountain lone,
And mate thee with the sun!
Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,
Thy stars, that near at midnight shone,
Gone heavenward one by one,
And half of earth, and half of air,
Thou risest vast and gray and bare

And crowned with glory. Far southwest
Monadnock sinks to see,
For all its trees and towering crest
And clear Contoocook from its breast
Poured down for wood and lea,
How statelier still, through frost and dew,
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,
Franconia's cliffs look down;
Home to their crags the eagles fly,
Deep in their caves the echoes die,

KEARSARGE

The sparkling waters frown,
And the Great Face that guards the glen
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat
The White Hills scan the plain;
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,
Nor Ammonoosuc wild to greet
The meadows and the main,
Nor snows nor thunders can atone
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band
Of hills and streams and plains
Shrined in the songs of native land, —
Linked with the deeds of valor grand
Told when the bright day wanes, —
Part of the nation's life art thou,
O mountain of the granite brow!

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,
Grace of its goodliest trees;
Nor Norway hills when woodmen's blows
Their pines sent crashing through the snows
That kings might rove the seas;
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,
Thrilled with a joy so pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore;
  Strength of the hills was hers;
Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,
The pines that hear the north wind roar,
  The dark and tapering firs;
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew
Sublimer daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul
  Or mountains pierce the air,
Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll;
Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal
  Uplifted broad and fair;
And, from thy skies, inspiring gales
O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer keep thy pastures green,
  And clothe thy oaks and pines;
Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between;
Snows fall serenely o'er the scene
  And veil thy lofty lines;
While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,
The monarch of our mountain-land.

CONTOOCOOK RIVER[4]

OF all the streams that seek the sea
By mountain pass, or sunny lea,
Now where is one that dares to vie
With clear Contoocook, swift and shy?
Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts born,
The snows of many a winter morn
And many a midnight dark and still,
Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,
To melt, at last, with suns of May,
And steal, in tiny fall and rill,
Down the long slopes of granite gray;
Or filter slow through seam and cleft
When frost and storm the rock have reft,
To bubble cool in sheltered springs
Where the lone red-bird dips his wings,
And the tired fox that gains their brink
Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to drink.
And rills and springs, grown broad and deep,
Unite through gorge and glen to sweep

In roaring brooks that turn and take
The over-floods of pool and lake,
Till, to the fields, the hills deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

O have you seen, from Hillsboro' town
How fast its tide goes hurrying down,
With rapids now, and now a leap
Past giant boulders, black and steep,
Plunged in mid water, fain to keep
Its current from the meadows green?
But, flecked with foam, it speeds along;
And not the birch-tree's silvery sheen,
Nor the soft lull of murmuring pines,
Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,
Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that glow
Where clematis, the fairy, twines,
Nor bowery islands where the breeze
Forever whispers to the trees,
Can stay its course, or still its song;
Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,
The vales of Henniker are spread,
Their banks all set with golden grain,
Or stately trees whose vistas gleam —
A double forest — in the stream;
And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,

MONADNOCK

By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans its tide —
The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through — and should you lean
A moment there, no lovelier scene
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,
Would charm your gaze, a summer's day.
O of what beauty 't is the giver —
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

And on it glides, by grove and glen,
Dark woodlands, and the homes of men,
With calm and meadow, fall and mill;
Till, deep and clear, its waters fill
The channels round that gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,
And eager half, half eddying back,
Blend with the lordly Merrimack;
And Merrimack whose tide is strong
Rolls gently, with its waves along,
Monadnock's stream that, coy and fair,
Has come, its larger life to share,
And to the sea doth safe deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

MOOSIL'AUK

MOOSIL'AUK! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer,
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast, hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks the east endow
With glory, round great Washington whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright Lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain, —
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

KEEP THE FORESTS![5]

(1893)

O LONE Waumbek Methna! Who dares to profane
Thy solitudes, sacred to Manitou's reign?
Thy peaks rosy-flushed with the last beam of day,
Or lost in the stars, white and stainless as they?
Thy woods in whose dimness the bright streams are born,
And the loud winds are lulled till the breaking of morn?—
The sagamore turned from thy borders in dread,
Afraid the high trails of the hill-gods to tread,
Lest in flood, or in flame leaping vengeful, their ire
Made the black pool his grave, the bleak summit his pyre.
He saw their weird forms as the clouds floated past;
He heard their dark words in the wail of the blast;
Their arrows the lightnings, their drumbeats the thunder
That rolled till the mountains seemed rending asunder;
And hunter and warrior stole valeward to shun
Agi'ochook lifting his brow to the sun.

What! Pemigewasset glide pale to his tryst
With Winnipesaukee — his waning tide kissed

No more by the shadows that droop and entwine
Of the birch and the maple, the beech and the pine,
The firs whose battalions so slender and tall
Guard the gloom of the gorge and the flash of the fall?
What! Merrimack's might left to languish and fail,
While Penacook's meadows their verdure bewail;
While the mill-wheels are moveless, the flying looms still,
For the proud stream no longer his channels can fill? —
But, shorn of his forests, bereft of his springs,
Forlorn as an eagle despoiled of its wings,
Now grieving by rapids, now moaning by lea,
Deserted, he creeps to the scorn of the sea!
What! swift Ammonoosuc, the foam-wreath, the bride
Of lordly Connecticut, faint at his side,
While his lakes, wood-embosomed, and pure as his snows,
Are ravaged, and robbed of their sylvan repose?
What! Saco forsake his loved intervales, spent
Ere the brooks of the lowlands their tributes have sent,
While eastward and westward the gray ledges rise
All treeless and springless confronting the skies,
And Moosil'auk, Pequawket, Chocorua, frown,
As sad on the bare river-vales they look down?

By the bounty and grandeur of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man must keep! —

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

Must pause with the hill-roving hunter, and ken
The mighty ones guarding the cliff and the glen.
No gold-seeking vandal shall ruthless invade
The temple whose stones were to Manitou laid;
Shall quench the clear springs and leave desert and bare
The slopes and the valleys the gods have made fair!
O peerless New Hampshire! awake from thy dreams!
Save the wealth of thy woodlands, the rush of thy streams,
Thy wild mountain splendor — the torrent, the pine —
Thy groves and thy meadows, thy shade and thy shine!
For, part with the forest, the bright, brimming river,
And thy strength and thy glory will vanish forever,
And in wide desolation and ruin will fall
Great Manitou's vengeance, thy soul to appall! —
Away with this folly, this madness, this shame!
Be true to thy birthright, thy future, thy fame!
And vow, by thy grandeurs of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man will
keep!

THE PORTSMOUTH SAILOR

COME back, O magical evenings
Of Decembers long ago,
When the north wind moaned at the windows,
Herald of drifting snow;
But within, the great logs glowing
And the chimney's ruddy blaze
Made all the room like the rosy fall
Of summer's fairest days!

There, in a joyous circle, —
Five girls and boys were we —
About our grandame's chair we sat
And listened to tales of the sea.
For she had come from Portsmouth town,
And her brothers were sailors tall;
She knew the lore of the fisher-folk,
And every beach-bird's call,

And could tell us of storm, and wraith, and wreck,
And ships becalmed on the line,

And sunny lands whence the captains brought
Olives and figs and wine, —
Till our eyes were wide with wonder,
And Robert would softly say,
"Now the story of our great-uncle
The pirates carried away."

"Yes," she would sigh, "it was William,
The last of my brothers three;
Slender and straight as a light-house tower,
And strong and brave was he.
Our mother wept when he sang of the waves,
And to hold him close was fain;
But he was a sailor born, and bent
To rove the boundless main.

"So he shipped on a gallant vessel, —
The Cadiz, fleet and stout,
And the gray March day she bore away
The wildest winds were out.
But he laughed at the gale and the gloomy sky
As he saw her sails unfurl,
And said he would bring me corals bright
And our mother a brooch of pearl.

"Dear noble lad! I can see him yet
As he stood at the mainmast's side,

When the Cadiz down the river went
With the wind and the ebbing tide.
He waved his cap as she passed the forts
And turned to her distant shore; —
Alas! nor lad nor gallant prow
Came up the river more!

"Ah, well; — with loving, lonely hearts
We followed his foaming track,
Looking aye for the golden morn
That should bring our darling back; —
When with winter we heard the awful news,
From a bark in Boston bay,
That the Algerines had the Cadiz seized,
And her crew were slaves of the Dey!

"'But he lives,' said his stricken mother;
'He lives, and may come in peace!'
And as one who would not be denied
She prayed for his release;
While slow the seasons went their round
Till thrice 't was March and May,
And thrice the ships from the Indian isles
In the harbor anchored lay.

"Oh, happy for her she could not see
Her boy on the burning plain,

MOOSILAUK

Scorn of the caravan southward bound
For a Moorish master's gain; —
Through torrid noons and chilly nights
Till that day of horror fell
When a cloud came rolling up from the waste
With a billow's surge and swell,
And the dread simoon swept over their path
A league from Tishlah's well!

"In flaming gusts, all fitfully,
The blast of the desert blew;
And the air grew heavy and hot and still
As the darkness closer drew.
They fled before its scorching breath;
They crouched in trembling bands;
But it shut them in like a pall of fire
Outspread by demon hands; —
And when it passed, that kneeling host
Lay lifeless on the sands!

"And hark! That eve his mother heard,
By the door, the whip-poor-will's cry;
And, at midnight, the death-watch beating
In the wall, her pillow by;
And the howl of the dog her sailor lad
Left to her faithful care,

As the wan moon sank before the dawn,
Ring through the startled air;
And dreamed the cherry-tree's withered bough
Was white with its early bloom; —
Then she knew in that drear and cruel land
Her boy had found his tomb!

"Next moon a horde on plunder bent,
Roaming the desert's heart,
Saw the lone dead, and their treasures bore
To far Timbuctoo's mart;
And told, in many an Arab tent,
Of the fair-haired Christian slave
Who nearest of all to the well had pressed,
When the fierce wind heaped his grave.

"Nay, children! Do not grieve so!
The angels could look down
On still Sahara's burning plain,
As on our Portsmouth town;
And he and his gentle mother,
Denied one burial sod,
This many a year have together dwelt
'In the Paradise of God!'"

. . . . . .

Come back, O magical evenings
Of Decembers long ago, —

When the north wind moaned at the windows,
Herald of drifting snow ;
But, warm in the rosy firelight,
We sat at our grandame's knee,
And listened with love and wonder
To stories of over sea !

STAR ISLAND CHURCH

(Isles of Shoals)

GRAY as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

By the sombre tower, when daylight dies,
And dim as a cloud the horizon lies,
I love to linger and watch the sails
Turn to the harbor with freshening gales,
Till yacht and dory and coaster bold
Are moored as safe as a flock in fold.

White Island lifts its ruddy shine
High and clear o'er the weltering brine,
And Boone and Portsmouth and far Cape Ann
Flame the dusk of the deep to span,

STAR ISLAND CHURCH, ISLES OF SHOALS

And the only sounds by the tower that be
Are the wail of the wind and the wash of the sea.

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

THE LOST WAR-SLOOP

(The Wasp, 1814)

O THE pride of Portsmouth water,
Toast of every brimming beaker, —
Eighteen hundred and fourteen on land and sea, —
Was the Wasp, the gallant war-sloop,
Built of oaks Kearsarge had guarded,
Pines of Maine to lift her colors high and free!
Every timber scorning cowards;
Every port alert for foemen
From the masthead seen on weather-side or lee; —
With eleven guns to starboard,
And eleven guns to larboard,
All for glory on a morn of May sailed she.

British ships were in the offing;
Swift and light she sped between them, —
Well her daring crew knew shoal and wind and tide;
They had come from Portsmouth river,
Sea-girt Marblehead and Salem,

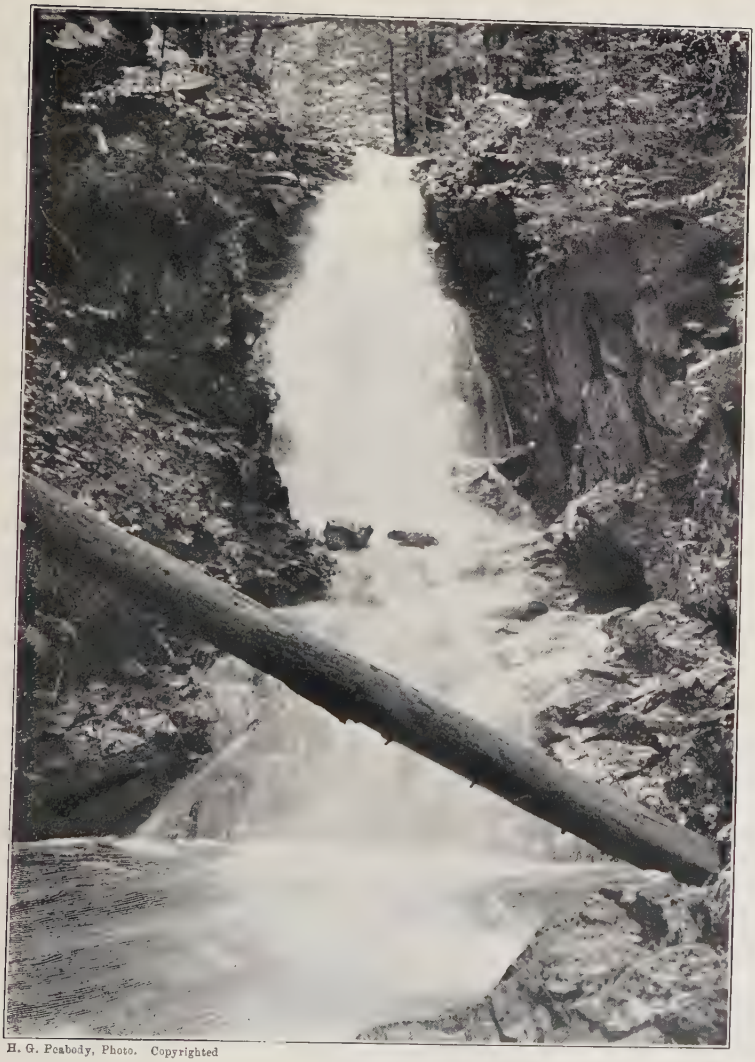
Bays and islands where the fisher-folk abide;
Come for love of home and country,
Come with wrongs that cried for vengeance, —
Every man among them brave and true and tried.
"Hearts of oak" are British seamen?
Hearts of fire were these, their kindred,
Flaming till the haughty foe should be descried!

From the mountains, from the prairies,
Blew the west winds glad to waft her; —
Ah, what goodly ships before her guns went down!
Ships with wealth of London laden,
Ships with treasures of the Indies,
Till her name brought fear to British wharf and town;
Till the war-sloops Reindeer, Avon,
To her valor struck their colors,
Making coast and ocean ring with her renown;
While her captain cried, exultant,
"Britain, to the bold Republic,
Of the empire of the seas shall yield the crown!"

Oh, the woful, woful ending
Of the pride of Portsmouth water!
Never more to harbor nor to shore came she!
Springs returned but brought no tidings;
Mothers, maidens, broken-hearted,
Wept the gallant lads that sailed away in glee.

Did the bolts of heaven blast her?
Did the hurricanes o'erwhelm her
With her starry banner and her tall masts three?
Was a pirate-fleet her captor?
Did she drift to polar oceans?
Who shall tell the awful secret of the sea!

Who shall tell? yet many a sailor
In his watch at dawn or midnight,
When the wind is wildest and the black waves moan,
Sees a stanch three-master looming;
Hears the hurried call to quarters,
The drum's quick beat and the bugle fiercely blown; —
Then the cannon's direful thunder
Echoes far along the billows;
Then the victor's shout for the foe overthrown; —
And the watcher knows the phantom
Is the Wasp, the gallant war-sloop,
Still a rover of the seas and glory's own!



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CASCADE IN CRAWFORD NOTCH

THANKSGIVING NIGHT

(Memories of New Hampshire in Illinois)

ACROSS the prairie moans the wind,
And morn will come with whirling snow;
Now bolt the door, and bar the blind;
The guests are gone, the fire is low.
We 'll heap the grate, and in its blaze
This Illinois Thanksgiving night,
Call back the loved of other days,
And the old home of our delight.

Ah, Mary! here are thousand things
I never thought to see or own: —
Great corn-fields where the sunlight flings
Its gold, nor finds one marring stone;
And breadths of waving wheat; and herds
Unnumbered on the prairies wide;
And brighter flowers, and rarer birds,
That flame and sing on every side.

But oh, to-night I 'm in the hills !
I hear the wind sweep through the pines !
And see the lakes, the laughing rills,
The far horizon's mountain lines !
Monadnock's stream, the river flows
By bordering elms and meadows down,
Dark where the bridge its shadow throws,
And the tall church-spire marks the town ;

The spire whose bell rang high and clear,
Each Sabbath morn the country round,
And mournful tolled when passed the bier
Slow-moving to the burial ground.
And on the common's grassy square
The meeting-house looms white and grim,
Its sounding-board still poised in air,
Though done with sermon, psalm, and hymn.

I search for May-flowers in the dell, —
Oh, never bloom was half so fair !
And lean above the moss-grown well
To see my face reflected there.
The glad thrush warbles by the wood ;
The robin makes the orchard gay ;
And from the alders' solitude
The cuckoo calls at break of day.

Throned on the fragrant hay I ride
Back to the barn in golden eves,
And gather chestnuts brown, and hide
In autumn noons amid the sheaves;
Or, shouting till the echoes wake,
Hunt blithe for eggs among the mows,
And up the brook, and through the brake,
From the far ridge bring home the cows.

And when Kearsarge is crowned with snow,
And dry leaves sweep along the way,
Comes on, with love and mirth aglow,
November's pride, Thanksgiving Day.
What fires are lit! what feasts are set!
What welcome waits for every comer!
Though drifts may fall and north winds fret,
Within is joy and song and summer.

Alas! that blazing hearth is cold!
The hill stands desolate and bare!
No stir at morn; no flocks in fold;
No children's laugh to charm the air!
Nor orchards blush, nor lilacs blow;
And fields once rich with corn and clover
Are pastures lone the foxes know,
And the shy plover whistles over.

While they who filled the house with cheer,
Though storms beat wild against the pane,
Have slumbered low this many a year
Where slope the pine-woods to the plain.
Oh, memories fond! Oh, sweet regret!
Oh, loves and scenes I still behold!
My eyes are dim with tears, — and yet
The new is noble as the old.

A larger life in larger lands;
A wider heaven and warmer suns;
God grant that while Monadnock stands,
And Mississippi seaward runs, —
While homes we build, and harvests reap,
While love is dear and memory thrills,
With reverent faith the prairies keep
The ancient virtues of the hills!

E. G. Peabody, Photo. Copyrighted

SACO RIVER, AND RANGE, AT SHELBURNE

EASTER IN THE WHITE HILLS

HARK! where the cliffs are lost in clouds
That float to the Realm of Souls,
"The Lord is risen!" from peak to peak
In rapturous echo rolls!
Through Waumbek's templed land it rings
From Winnipesaukee's side
To far Coös, whose crystal lakes
Dower Androscoggin's tide,
And brim serene Connecticut,
Of mount and main the pride.

Agi'ochook from his altars
To spired Chocorua calls,
And broad Moosil'auk sends the cry
Back from his buttressed walls;
Franconia answers full and clear
With myriad airy voices,
And a glory lights the great Stone-Face
While all the pass rejoices;

And south, the towering sentinels —
Monadnock's lonely fane,
And domed Kearsarge, by Merrimack —
Swell the celestial strain,
Till the sky is filled with the choral notes
Of the jubilant refrain!

And lo! the rush and roar of streams
Freed from their icy prison!
Saco to Pemigewasset
Proclaims, "The Lord is risen!"
"Is risen!" sings Ammonoosuc,
To the meadows foaming down;
"Is risen!" the waking brooks reply,
In the glens yet bare and brown.
The sun comes over Katahdin
With flame for every crest, —
Flame and rose for the stainless snows
That deep on the summits rest;
And peak and cloud in the golden rays
Shine fair as Tabor's sheen,
When heaven embosomed the lonely hill
And God of man was seen.

Through the sombre firs the west wind sighs
And chants to larch and pine

"The Lord is risen!" till echoes steal
To the forest's inmost shrine.
And list! from the maple boughs a song
The angel choir might heed, —
A wild-wood robin warbling sweet,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
And thus, with grandest symphonies,
And song the soul that thrills,
Comes Easter, golden, glorious,
To Waumbek's templed hills.

THE BLUEBIRD

I AM so blithe and glad to-day!
At morn I heard a bluebird sing,
The bluebird, warbling soul of spring,
Herald of all the choirs of May!
And I knew the violets under the tree
Would listen and haste the bird to see,
And the wind-flower lift its rose-veined cup
In the leaves of the old year buried up,
And all the delicate buds that bloom
By the moss-beds, deep in the forest gloom,
Would stir in their slumber, and catch the strain,
And welcome the warm, unfolding rain, —
For spring is here when the bluebird sings,
And stays in the maple his glossy wings,
And the blast may blow and the sleet may fall,
But a song of the sun is heard in all.

I am so blithe and glad to-day!
Monadnock still is white with snow;
But when the bluebird sings I know
Full swift the hours lead on to May!

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM CONWAY INTERVALES

INDIAN SUMMER

'T IS Indian Summer's richest, latest day;
A soft mist veils the sky's enchanting blue;
And, to the wind's caress, the maples sway,
And bronzed oaks murmur, as they lightly strew
Upon the ground beneath, their gorgeous leaves,
All russet-green and ruby-red and gold,
So bright, my heart, sad as the south wind, grieves
To see their glories sinking in the mould!
And every gay and gladsome thing seems taking
A lingering leave of grove and field and sky;
Bluebird and robin, lawn and plot forsaking,
In croft and orchard sweet lament are making
For roses dead and loveless winter nigh.
The bees are hovering o'er the lonely flowers,
October's gift, despite its chilling showers, —
Brave asters that have lived through frosty eves,
And still with faintest purple tint their leaves
Amid the mountain fern that yet retains
Its fragrant breath through all the autumnal rains,

And meek immortelles that, till snows appear,
Will mourn the buried splendors of the year ;
While squirrels haste with nuts and acorns brown
That every waft above the wood brings down,
And — waif of June — a golden butterfly,
The last, the loveliest, is flitting by.
So calm ! so fair ! yet, with to-morrow's morn,
Wild winds will blow till all the groves are shorn,
And soft mists vanish, and the mountains rise
Cold and severe in melancholy skies.
Now fades the sun from hill and stream and dell, —
O saddest Indian Summer ! fare thee well !

MERRIMACK RIVER AT ITS SOURCE

O MERRIMACK, strong Merrimack,
All other streams may faint and lack,
Exhale in clouds through dreary lands
Or sink forlorn in desert sands;
New Hampshire's hills and island-sea
Are sureties for thy constancy!
Pemigewasset leaps from the mountains
Where the great Stone-Face looms grand and far;
Winnipesaukee fills at the fountains
Ossipee guards and Chocorua —
The sunny water that smiling lies
With its isles like a path to Paradise;
And where Kearsarge uplifts his shrine
They blend their deathless floods in thine.

MERRIMACK RIVER AT ITS MOUTH

TO–NIGHT I saw the Merrimack
Go broadening, gleaming out to sea; —
The tide was low; a cloudy rack
Purple and crimson and sullen black
Drifted o'er main and lea;
And shadowed now with the parting sun,
But placid and still as befitted one
Whose life would be ended when day was done, —
With a breeze from the north above it blowing,
And the strength of the hills in its silent flowing,
Past the pines of Newbury town
And the Salisbury marshes wide and brown,
The cliff-born river, over the bar,
Lapsed to the sea and the evening star!

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THE NORTHERN PEAKS FROM THE GLEN

HORACE GREELEY

(1872)

AS if in lone Franconia one had said,
"Alas! the glorious monarch of the hills,
Mount Washington, is fallen to the vale!
The direful echo all the silence fills;
The winds sweep down the gorge with bitter wail;
The lesser hights rise trembling and dismayed,
And the fond sun goes, clouded, to the west;" —
So to the street, the fireside, came the cry,
"Our king of men, our boldest, gentlest heart,
He whose pure front was nearest to the sky,
Whose feet stood firmest on eternal right;
With his swift sympathies and giant might
That sealed him for the martyr's, warrior's part,
And led, through loss, to nobler victory —
Lies low, to-day, in death's unchallenged rest!"

How we entombed him! Not imperial Rome
Gave her dead Cæsars sepulture so grand,

Though gems and purple on the pyre were flung!
His tender requiem hushed the clamorous land;
And thus, by power lamented, poet sung,
Through stricken, reverent crowds we bore him home
When winter skies were fair and winds were still!
And for his fame, — while oceans guard our shores
And mountains midway lift their peaks of snow
To the clear azure where the eagle soars;
While peace is sweet, and the world yearns again
To hear the angel-strain, "Good will to men;"
While toil brings honor, virtue vice deplores,
And liberty is precious, — it shall grow,
And the great future with his spirit fill.

NOTES

NOTES

Note 1, page 7.

Written for the commemoration of the Bi-Centennial Settlement of the State of New Hampshire by the New Hampshire Historical Society, May 22, 1873. "Captain Smith" was John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, who sailed along the New England coast in 1614, and discovered the Isles of Shoals. A poor monument to his memory stands upon the highest point of Star Island, one of the group.

Note 2, page 17.

To Governor Frank West Rollins is due the idea of Old Home Week, and its successful inauguration in August, 1899, as a state festival, with celebrations in nearly one hundred towns and cities. By voice and pen he labored to interest the people in his idea, and enlisted for it the help of other efficient workers, till its hearty adoption was assured.

It was a most felicitous thought of his to call back the scattered children of the state to enjoy the scenes and renew the ties of their youth — thus deepening their sympathetic concern in whatever relates to the development and prosperity of the region of their birth, and bringing great stimulus and sense of comradeship to those yet resident there. The practical benefits already apparent are

many. Says a recent writer: "It is estimated that ten thousand of New Hampshire's absent sons and daughters heard the home call of Governor Rollins, revisited the state for the festival, and contributed generously of their means and their talents to make the occasions helpful and successful. . . .

"Gifts and bequests have been made for better highways, the care of cemeteries, and the erection of memorials upon spots associated with historic events and the lives of noted men and women. And best of all, the people of New Hampshire have gained inspiration from the associations and encouragements of Old Home Week, and are meeting the responsibilities of their stewardship more hopefully because of the great interest manifested in the old state by her absent children who have been moved by the new festival to write of her, sing of her, speak of her, think of her, loyally, lovingly."

It is hoped and believed that Old Home Week will be a permanent institution, full of advantage and blessing to the state; and it is likely to be adopted by all New England — New England which has been such a nursery of noble, capable men and women, for the great states all the way to the Pacific. The verses, "The Hills are Home," were written for the first festival.

Note 3, page 20.

Kearsarge, the mountain which gave its name to the vessel that sunk the Alabama, off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864, is a noble granite peak in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, the twin of Monadnock, rising alone, three thousand feet above the sea. A beautiful mountain in Carroll County, N. H., has also been known as Kearsarge; but the name belonged, from the earliest times, to

the Merrimack County peak, and the other is more properly called Pequawket.

Note 4, page 23.

"That gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles."

Duston's Island, at the mouth of the Contoocook, just below the village of Penacook in Concord, New Hampshire. This island is some two acres in area, and its name comes from Hannah Duston, who on March 15, 1697, was, with her nurse, carried away by the Indians from Haverhill, Mass., and brought to this island, which was their abode. Here, one midnight, with the help of her companion and a captive white boy, all of them having feigned slumber, she dispatched the Indians in their sleep, and made her way, in one of their canoes, down the river to Haverhill. To her memory, in June, 1874, there was erected on the island a monument of Concord granite, representing her as standing with a tomahawk in hand. The Northern Railroad crosses the island to the west of the statue.

Note 5, page 27.

(Waumbek Methna — Mountains with Snowy Foreheads — the Indian name for the White Hills; Agi'ochook, of Mount Washington.)

For twenty years there has been more or less interest in New Hampshire for the preservation of the forests, but in 1893 public attention was widely aroused, and a Forestry Commission was

established, supported by the state. This Commission, whose work has been ably seconded by the efforts of the women of the state, seeks to be educational — to show the land-owners, themselves, that only trees of a certain growth must be felled, and that young trees of desirable species must be carefully spared, if they would not quickly ruin their own lumber industry as well as do infinite harm to the state. Something has been accomplished, for there are owners who heed this, but the greater part of the timber is still cut in the old sweeping fashion, which is simply clearing the land. It is a pity we had not a little of the Red Man's reverence for the mountain fastnesses !

New Hampshire's natural wealth is primarily in the picturesque beauty of its scenery and the strong and equable flow of its rivers, and to preserve this beauty and strength the forests must have skillful and constant care. Our northwestern states — Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota — are beginning sadly to repent the reckless way in which their great woods have been sacrificed, for their most valuable trees, the white pine and the black walnut, are almost exhausted.

Several departments of France have declined in population owing to the injury done the fertile lands through the destruction of the forests in the mountains, and at vast expense and labor the government is reclothing these bare slopes with trees, and building works to regulate the flow of the streams. All other countries where the forests have been thus removed have had similar evil results. Let New Hampshire be wise in time!

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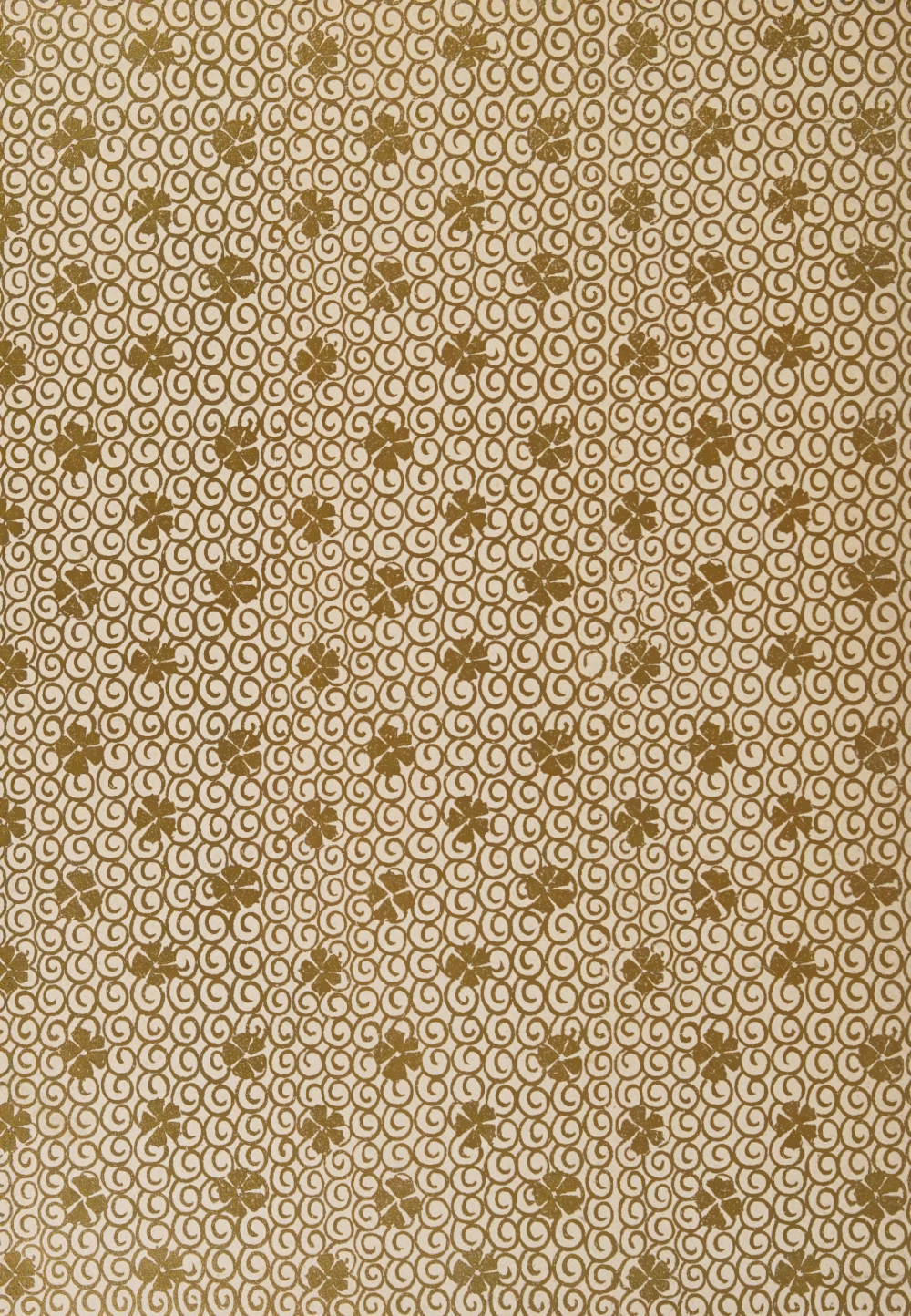

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